

Home Circle

HAVELOCK AS A BOY

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London Bridge, and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested a little while, his wife inquired:—

"Where is Harry?"

The father thought a moment.

"Dear me!" said he; "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London Bridge, and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened away to relieve the boy, and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed showed itself in after years in the march to Lucknow.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

During the revolutionary war, a Dunker leader named Miller, was grievously insulted by a man named Widman, who was afterward sentenced to be hanged as a British spy. Miller went to Gen. Washington, and begged for Widman's life. The commander-in-chief replied:

"I would like to release Widman, because he is your friend; but I cannot, even for that consideration."

"Friend!" cried Miller, "he is not my friend; he is only my enemy, and therefore I want to save him."

The General was so touched that he pardoned the man.

ROB'S AIR-CASTLE

Rob was gazing dreamily into the clouds and telling Susie about all the beautiful things he saw—palaces and fountains and gardens.

"But they aren't real," protested Susie. They couldn't be stone or wood, or they wouldn't stay up there."

"They look just like real things," insisted Rob, "and I believe they are. They are just as beautiful."

"Then I am going right away from here before they fall on us," said Sue, pretending to be frightened. "You'd better put some props under them, Robbie Jackson."

"Stay," pleaded Rob, "and I won't talk about them any more. I was just going to tell you what a good boy I'm going to be after this. I'm going to astonish mamma. I'll act so beautifully, and—"

"Mamma's calling now. She told you to pick up those playthings."

"But just wait until I finish telling you. Then some one will write a book about me, and tell what a lovely boy I—"

"But I must go with the visiting committee to see a sick woman."

"But I am not half through. The story will make other boys want to be—"

"Pshaw! Robbie Jackson. That's just another of your air-castles. You'd better put a foundation under it pretty quick by minding mamma and going about your work, or your goodness will come tumbling to the ground."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

WHAT DORA DID WITH HER PRIZE

"Ten dollars, father! Just think of it!" and Dora Mansfield took the new, crisp ten dollar note out of the envelope and held it up for her father's inspection.

"I'm real proud of you, Dora. Somehow, I had an idea you would get the prize, though I did not say anything about it to you."

The father was hoeing potatoes in the lot, and as he spoke he laid down his hoe, took off his wide-brimmed hat, and fanned himself with it, for the day was very hot.

"Does mother know it, child?"

"No, father; I saw you up here, and I came cross-lots to tell you. I will run back to the house now, and tell mother."

Mrs. Mansfield was taking the fresh butter of the churn, and she looked up to see her daughter's round, smiling face looking through the kitchen window.

"I got it, mother—the prize, I mean," and again the ten dollar note was brought out to view.

"Why, Dora Mansfield, I can hardly believe it. How glad I am! Does your father know it?"

"I just came from the potato lot. He is as happy as you are over it, mother."

"Well, child, you deserve it! Walking three miles every morning to school and three miles home again every afternoon, and not missing a single day or being tardy during the whole year; and you don't make any fuss about it either."

Dora ran upstairs to take off her white dress. It had been made out of good parts of two out-grown dresses, but, nevertheless was neat and pretty. The other girls had new dresses, but Dora was very independent, and felt as happy in her combination dress as they did in their new ones. Her great regret had been that her father and mother could not go to hear her read her essay, and see and hear all the interesting things that are sure to come on the last day of school.

Young people are not apt to appreciate all the sacrifices parents make for them. But Dora was the exception to the general rule—she did appreciate her good father's and mother's endeavors for her. She had already planned how she would use that ten dollars.

When the family were all seated at the supper table, a younger brother said:

"What are you going to buy with your ten dollars, Dora?"

"Nothing," replied the sister. "I'm going to give it to mother to go and make a visit at Aunt Ellen's."

"You shan't do any such thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield. "You're going to buy you a new winter cloak with that money."

"Mother," said Dora in a gentle tone of voice, "you are going to see Aunt Ellen. I shall keep house, and you must have an outing and a rest."

"You can't make the butter, Dora, and there is a churning every other day."

But Dora carried her point. Mrs. Mansfield was on the road to her sister's the very next week. They had not seen each other for sixteen years, notwithstanding they were only two hundred miles apart, for the sum of ten dollars could not be spared from the family income to take such a journey, and Aunt Ellen had inflammatory rheumatism, and could not go to to her sister. Dora knew what a joy it would be to both those sisters, who were all there were left of the family, to see each other again; and her mother she knew was sadly in need of a change of air and rest. Dora's sister Nell, eight years old, entered into the spirit of the occasion; she was very efficient in helping with the work. And Judge Seeley's wife, who lived in the large house on the hill, said Dora's butter was as good as her mother's.

When Mrs. Mansfield came home she seemed so bright and told so many interesting incidents about her journey and what good times she and her sister had had, that the children were delighted to hear it all. A week after her return she said to Dora: "I didn't want to say anything about it, but before I went to Aunt Ellen's I felt that I could not get on another day. My work seemed to drag, drag, drag; but now I feel like a new person, and I am so thankful and happy that I have a daughter who is very thoughtful of me and my happiness."—*The Angelus*.

THE GOLDEN RULE

Edith had a new hat with which she was much pleased. She wore it one day on an errand to a neighbor's and it began to rain by the time she reached the neighbor's house. She did her errand on the doorstep, the lady not thinking to ask her in. Then she said, solemnly:

"If I was a lady and owned a house, and a little girl, five years old, with a new hat, came to do an errand when it rained, I would ask her to walk in a little while and keep her hat dry!"

The lady saw the point.—*Reformed Church Record*.

Much unhappiness would be spared if when we feel impatience we would check it before it reaches our tongue.